THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXV. SAN FRANCISCO AND BE[illegible]EY, MARCH 24, 1915 No. 12

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

BLACK SHEEP.

From their folded mates they wander far,
  Their ways seem harsh and wild;
They follow the beck of a baleful star,
  Their paths are dream beguiled.

Yet haply they sought but a wider range,
  Some loftier mountain slope,
And little recked of the country strange
  Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call
  Summoned their feet to tread
Midst the cruel rocks, where the deep pitfall
  And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe, in spite of their tameless days
  Of outcast liberty,
They're sick at heart for the homely ways
  Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night when the plains fall dark,
  And the hills loom large and dim,
For the shepherd's voice they mutely hark,
  And their souls go out to him.

Meanwhile, "Black sheep! Black sheep!" we cry,
  Safe in the inner fold;
And maybe they hear and wonder why,
  And marvel, out in the cold.

—Richard Burton.

Pacific Theological Seminary Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

A CHARTER DAY ADDRESS THAT WILL BE REMEMBERED.

Those persons, to the number of several thousand, who listened to Vice-President Marshall, on Charter Day at the University of California, must have been impressed with the thought that they were listening to a man of the people for the people. That is the impression which Mr. Marshall makes wherever he goes and whenever he speaks. It was this which won for him in Indiana the Democratic nomination for governor in 1909. He went out among the people in a preliminary canvass, and they felt at once that he was one of them and that what he would do in office would not be for Mr. Marshall but for them. It was this characteristic, so evident all through his career as governor, that turned attention to him as a strong man to go on the national ticket along with Woodrow Wilson.

In his address on Charter Day there was no attempt to be scholastic; but he spoke out of the fullness of his large heart in such a manner as to impress just what ought to be impressed on the minds of the students in our universities, that the life to which they are called is one of service for the common good; and that if this nation is to have any future greatness it is to have it through the loyalty of the average man and woman to high ideals.

Say all that may be said about the position of Vice-President not counting for much in this country—yet every young man who heard Mr. Marshall last Tuesday is well aware of the fact that no man can attain to that office who is not a man of ability and integrity, and that with respect to these he is a representative of something in a people that is both worthy and noble.

The present writer thought as he listened to that Charter Day address that it was worth more to this nation to have "Tom Marshall" give utterance to the thoughts that were voiced that day than to have had again some such profound address as has been given on some other Charter Day occasions.

Those closing graphic illustrations of integrity, out of the lives of four men with whom he had had most intimate acquaintance, will never be forgotten by the young men who heard them and will help to mould many a life.

Very infrequently do we hear in addresses at our great universities the word "God" used so freely as Mr. Marshall used it. Indeed one would be justified in the conclusion that many speakers on such occasions seem to think it an offense to the people assembled to make any reference to God in the affairs of individuals and peoples.

Not so, Vice-President Marshall! He didn't lug "God" in; neither did he leave him out when he belonged in.

All in all it was a refreshing address. Rest assured that several hundred students went away with the feeling that they had been listening to a man whose life was worth patterning after. Their thought was: That man is one of us! And when at the close the Rooters saluted him, it was with the thought permeating the whole being—here is something for the average fellow to grip to.

We wonder whether, because of the Vice-President's admirable address, there may not come to our University authorities the query whether it may not be more to the advantage of the students to have these Charter Day addresses less academic than they frequently have been.

The students soon will be out in the thick of things; it will do them immeasurable good to hear more than they do, while in these cloistered places, from the men who have had experience in the arena of professional, business and political life.

WHEN VICTORY WOULD BRING NO GOOD.

Many of the people of San Francisco and vicinity have had the privilege of hearing Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Snowden of England speak on some of the great questions to the solution of which they are giving their lives. They have come to have a personal interest in them, and to welcome utterances from them as they are reported in the newspapers all around the world.

Just after Mr. Snowden returned to England after his trip to New Zealand and Australia he was interviewed by a representative of the Christian Commonwealth, to whom he expressed himself as follows:

"Every single one of the problems which confronted the people of this country before the war broke out will assume a different aspect when peace is declared. The democratic movement is drawing near to the greatest crisis in its history. We shall have to put our doctrines and principles, especially those which relate to the international movement, to an entirely new test. * * * I should be one of the last to say that we have committed no mistakes in our foreign policy. But I doubt very much whether this is the time to discuss them, or whether criticism and condemnation of ministers, individually or collectively, will help us much just now. Whatever view we may take of the origin of the war or of the degree of responsibility attaching to the respective governments of the countries now at war, we are involved in the conflict and must go through with it."

To the question, "You do not think any good purpose would be served by trying to stop the war before a decisive victory is secured?" Mr. Snowden replied: "I think it would be calamitous if the issue of the war should mean that we revert to the same conditions that existed before the war began. This catastrophic upheaval can be made to yield a solution of problems that have vexed Europe for generations, and I think it would be a disaster not to make an end of them now that we have begun. Perhaps they might have been settled by other methods than by war, and it is not easy to apportion responsibility for the fact that other methods were not found."

There are one or two things in this statement by Mr. Snowden, an honored member of the British Parliament, to which we desire to call particular attention. Let it be observed that Mr. Snowden refused to align himself on the side of those who assert that Great Britain is not without blame for the war. Further it should be observed that

he evaded the question, "You do not think any good purpose would be served by trying to stop the war before a decisive victory is secured?" The one who put the question meant evidently a decisive victory by the allies.

Mr. Snowden replied: "I think it would be calamitous if the issue of the war should mean that we revert to the same conditions that existed before the war began."

Unquestionably there was in his mind the belief, as he gave answer, that nothing would be settled by bringing Germany to her knees.

Mr. Snowden knows, as every thoughtful man today ought to know, that neither individuals nor nations can live on the principle of "every one for himself" and be long at peace. If the teachings of Jesus meant anything it was that the kingdom of God on earth was to be realized only through altruism.

When nations begin to ask how certain courses of conduct on their part affect other nations, and in all their ways love their neighbors as themselves, we shall get out of the conditions that prevailed before the war in Europe and which brought on the war. It was an irrepressible conflict; and so long as men disregard the teachings of Jesus there will be irrepressible conflicts.

The one great lesson this old world needs to learn is that Love is at the heart of the Universe, and that it is toward Love that God is leading us. In Love there is life; in selfishness, self-seeking, there is death.

Read history, and divide the sheep from the goats—find how many nations have been altruistic, have sought the good of the other fellow as much as their own good. It will be difficult to pick out any but goats.

Our thought is that God wants the nations of the world to see how lacking in love they have been, and that this war is going to bring many to see it and to mend their ways. Just how much good will come out of it remains to be seen. If not enough good, then more wars. For say what we may about war—about God not being in war, it is beyond contravention that he does bring good by means of them. Long ago was it written, "The wrath of man shall praise Him."

A BLOSSOM-SUNDAY SERMON.

Charles Sumner Osgood.

(Given in the Saratoga Congregational Church, Sunday, March 21, 1915.)

"Oh Jehovah, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all;
The earth is full of thy riches."
—Psalm 104, verse 24.

Blossom Day is now a recognized institution in Saratoga. It is the annual rejoicing of an entire community and their invited friends in the miracle of the blossoms.

But Blossom Sunday is even more important than Blossom Day. On Blossom Sunday, we have a chance to quietly reflect upon the deeper significance of our celebration. Perhaps, now that we have come to be so very busy with our yearly guests, this chance to pause before the busiest time begins, is to be coveted. We shall surely miss the true purpose of this annual occasion, unless we do so.

Blossom Day means more to us when we remember its wide relationships. It has cousins and second cousins in every nation under heaven, and grandfathers and great grandfathers back in every age of history, and long before the dawn of history, for that matter. The instinct to rejoice in the bounty of Nature begins so far back that we cannot trace its rise. In the early Greek days of Homer and in the later days of Pericles, such festivals were held. The custom of harvest festival is almost as old as man himself. The Bible tells us of the harvest festivals of the Hebrews. In the early summer, they celebrated Pentecost, or the Feast of Harvest, coming at the close of the corn harvest. In the late summer, came the Feast of Tabernacles, so called because the tabernacles, or tents, of the harvesters were still standing in the orchards and vineyards at that time.

Not only is our Blossom Festival related to these historical festivals, but it is related also to something still wider. It is related to the inevitable sense of God which Nature has always brought to the souls of men. Those scholars who have devoted themselves to delving back into the beginnings of things tell us that men's first thoughts of God were caused by the feelings of awe and mystery which came to them in the presence of the wonderful works of Nature. Indeed, it is doubtful whether man would ever have had any religion if it had not been spelled out for him on the great scroll of God's visible works. It is fitting that the creation poem should stand first in our Bibles, for the thought of God as Creator is one of the first thoughts which the religion of mankind ever entertained. They thought of Him as Creator long before they learned to think of Him as Goodness. He was Power before He was Saviour.

The early Hebrews found the surest witness of God in the great and awe-inspiring wonders of Nature. In the thunders and lightnings around Sinai, Moses hears His voice, and the Psalmist cries out,

"Oh Jehovah, my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;
Who covereth thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh clouds his chariots;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers,
Flames of fire his ministers;
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved forever."

The prophets were continually illustrating the greatness and power of God by an appeal to the works of His hand. Sometimes they contrasted the greatness of God, as shown in His works, with the littleness and frailty of man, as when Job challenged with the question,

"Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades,
Or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou lead forth the Mazzaroth in their season?
Or canst thou guide the Bear with her train?
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?
Canst thou establish the dominion thereof in the earth?"
Job 38, vs. 31-33.

Jesus was fond of the milder aspects of nature. He loved to point out God's care for humble flowers of the field, and for the ordinary birds that foraged in the city streets. He declared that God's relation to all He has made is so intimate that nothing lives or dies in the multitudinous world of organic life without his sympathetic knowledge. "Not a sparrow falls without your Father." If there had been a Santa Clara Valley in Palestine, with its yearly miracle of beauty, I do not doubt we would have had some word of Jesus about it in our Bible, for it was just such scenes which called forth his most appreciative words.

Just as, historically, the world of Nature has thus been

a prime witness for God, so it is in the individual life. What is your earliest religious memory? On what occasions in your childhood were you arrested by some great feeling which you could not quite understand? With me the first deep feelings are associated with the out of doors, with a hillside, or a nook in the woods, or a stream away in the mountains. What we learn at our mother's knee is valuable and important, but the first direct perception of religion is quite apt to come to the soul of the child out of doors. It is for this reason that it is such a crime against God to shut children up in tenements, where they cannot see the sky, or in factories, where they cannot smell the fields, or down in mines, where the beauty of the world is all taken away from them. Every child needs to see much of the world of God, in order that he may come to believe in the love and wisdom of God. Our cities are recognizing this by creating, in their parks and playgrounds, little samples of what the great outdoor world is like, so that the children of the cities may not be entirely deprived of these gracious influences.

The God of the out of doors is one with whom we need full acquaintance. Most of the evils which religion has suffered have come from trying to crowd God into some of our little human structures. But He is not an indoor God. Men have tried to crowd God into the narrow room of racial prejudice, but He will not stay there. He loves the Chinese just as much as He does us, and wants us to love them in like measure. Men have tried to bind God in by their intellectual formulas. They have defined Him, and then demanded that God keep within the definition. But you cannot keep God in in that way. He is sure to escape. A creed is a helpful thing to aid us in understanding God, but it is disastrous to try to build it around God. Men have tried to enlist God in the cause of hatred. That is the narrowest building of all, and the outdoor soon shatters it. Many prayers of hatred are being uttered in Europe now, but they will not be heard. The walls are too narrow.

It is difficult to see how the rank weeds of intolerance hatred or envy can grow in the breasts of those who commune with the God of the Out of Doors. True nature lovers are as a rule gentle in their conduct towards their fellows. In learning to love Nature, they learn also of "the wideness of God's mercy," "the kindness of his justice," and of "the heart of the Eternal, which is most wonderfully kind." Not all outdoor men are kind and forgiving, but it seems to me they have an exceptional opportunity to become so. We who live here, where the presence of God can almost be felt, make but a poor return for this gracious, divine environment, if we are harsh or hasty with one another. The quality of great-mindedness and great-heartedness ought to come gradually to him who yields himself to these influences. With every furrow that you turn, or with every tree to which you give personal attention, some mellowness and depth of spirit ought to come to you.

Reverence is easily reckoned in as one of the things which come to him who worships the God of the Out of Doors. Cathedral architecture is doubtless the highest form which church architecture has attained, and its greatness is due to its out of door quality. The whole effect of entering a great cathedral is to induce the feeling of reverence, and this is because the builder has reproduced within the building some of the effect which certain rare moments out of doors bring to us. The spaciousness of the cathedral suggests the ample arch of the sky itself. Its dim recesses bring the feeling of mystery. The soft reverberation of the organ, which may perhaps be sounding through the building, helps to awaken memories of sacred, out of door sounds. The cathedral is great in proportion as it is able to impart some of the things which the world of Nature brings to the reverent spirit.

The indoor house of God must be like his outdoor house. Nowadays, we are building our churches with more suggestion of warmth and sunshine than the old cathedral possesses, for we have come to understand that reverence may be as truly awakened by this as by clouds and shadows. The open air church would be ideal, if we could have sunshine every day of the year. It is because we cannot, but because we at the same time believe that light and warmth and cheery brightness are very suggestive of the God whose home is the universe, that we build our churches with many windows for the day and with electric lights for the night. In California at least, reverence and sunshine must go together.

The outdoor world strongly suggests the power of God. If we were more thoughtful, this would mean more to us. We have become accustomed to the age of machinery, and we mentally associate power with the whir of wheels or with the rattle and bang of a machine shop. But for a real exhibition of power, just take one look at your own orchard on a spring day. Silently, without any outward sign, the eternal forces are doing their tremendous work. God is immensely active. There is no rest from His labors, not even one day in seven. The ceaseless miracle of His processes is going on all around us. Look out over the valley from your vantage point on these hills. Nearly a dozen towns are in view, and thousands of men are busily and noisily at work there. But the real work is going on in the foreground, in the countless rows of whitening trees. Every one of them contains as great a miracle of energy as a whole cityful of men. The wondrous, quiet processes of God are greater by far than all the marvels of mechanical science or of civic activity.

If God is all these things, how can we be mean or little? If, as we meet Him out of doors, we find Him so ample in the scope of His life, so tireless in His tasks, so indiscriminating in His regard, sending the rain on the just and the unjust, and so wise in His provident care, how can we fail to get some of the like spirit within our own souls? It helps very little to admire a blossoming fruit tree unless there is also a blossoming taking place in your life. Jesus commended the lilies because they fulfilled well their lilyhood. They carried on, under the tuition of God, the normal cycle of their lives. He will commend you for a like reason, only in this case you must fulfill well your manhood. God cares even more for the right progress of your life than he does for the lily or the fruit tree. He will bestow upon you fully as intimate a care as he bestows upon them. He will give you as much of His own life. He is the out of door God, whose home is the universe, but he loves best to dwell in the hearts of men. Though we wonder so at His great power and majesty, as shown in His marvelous works, He will yet stoop to enter the humblest human heart.

THE DAYS.

If thou hast Yesterday thy duty done,
And thereby cleared firm footing for Today,
Whatever clouds make dark Tomorrow's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way,
—J, W. von Goethe.

A VISIT TO MADURA, INDIA.

Tyler Dennett.

The old adage, "second thoughts are best thoughts," seems to be especially true for travelling. It was a second thought which brought me to this ancient city, and nothing I have seen in Japan or China can surpass it in interest. Let no one be scared by the report that you cannot go into India in the summer. I spent more than a week there in comfort, as well looked after in the railway rest houses as in the hotel in Hongkong and was far cooler than in Canton. Perhaps one ought not to attempt to go farther north than Madras in the summer, although there are many Europeans going and coming from Bombay and Calcutta at all times of year. The compartments in the train are upholstered in leather and equipped with a double battery of fans, and the dining car service is as good as one requires in a country where most any view from the window takes away your appetite before you get to the table. By all means let the traveller stop off at Columbo, visit Kandy the Beautiful, then go up through the jungle, real jungle, too, on to Anuradhapura, the great cty which was built no one knows exactly when B. C., then destroyed before Columbus was born and overgrown with jungle and overrun with wild elephants until thirty years ago when the English government began the work of excavation. Let the traveller view credulously the sacred Bo tree, twenty-two hundred years old, grown from a slip of the tree which made Buddha famous, then let him punctuate his sight seeing with an attempted rest in the Anuradhapura Rest House and go on to southern India, via Adam's Bridge and Mantapum, one of the seven sacred places of India where a god once took a bath on his way back from Ceylon with his vagrant wife. There were seventy thousand pilgrims at Mantapum the day before I passed through!

By the time he is pulled into the station at Madura the transition will have been gently but thoroughly completed. He will know positively that he has left behind him the entire western world, and having thus put off the new he will be ready to don the old. As he follows his bags, the latter neatly balanced on the heads of turbaned coolies, up the stairs to the rest rooms over the station at Madura his eye will be met by a framed notice inviting him to visit the "American Mission." The notice just fails of being familiar, but the names of the missionaries printed at the bottom seem to awaken familiar echoes in his memory. Somewhere, sometime he must have heard of Dr. Jones, Dr. Chandler, Dr. Washburn and Pasumalai, not to mention half a dozen other familiar names. Later in the afternoon one may be thrown off the scent when the guide points to some fine new brick buildings and tells him in unfamiliar accents that "this is Rockefeller's college." The next day he learns that part of the "tainted money" given to the American Board a dozen years ago was carefully washed in the waters of philanthropy and then hung up to dry on the campus of "The American College of Madura" where by the wand of some very devoted Sahibs it erected some college buildings as fine as can be seen in the Orient. Then I rattled my brains some more and recalled that about the same time I was way-laying undergraduates in the dormitories at Williams urging them to contribute for some sort of building at Pasumalai, and lo, here is Pasumalai College, daughter of Williams, only three miles from Madura.

Trusting that what is new to the writer, and interesting, may be the same to readers of The Pacific, I am going to describe the Madura Mission from the standpoint of the typical mission organization. Madura offers a most favorable field for the observation of thorough mission work, not only because it is well organized, but also because it has the field almost exclusively to itself, there being only a small Swedish Lutheran mission sharing the territory. Let us say there are four sets of wheels to the Madura mission: (1) The village church and school usually under the care of a native catechist and teacher. These villages are groups of mud huts, rectangular or circular huts which look just like the pictures in the old geography. There may be two or more thousand people in the village, although seen from the railroad, one would guess that there were not more than fifty or a hundred souls living there, two-thirds of them naked children. (2) Next above the village organization is a group of these churches and schools under the supervision of a missionary and his wife, located at a central point. This missionary visits the local churches at least once a month. He and his wife maintain a boarding school to which the most promising of the children from the lower school are taken. The government, which is very favorable to missionary work, bears part of the expense.

The select pupils from the boarding school are taken after several years of work, providing the way is clear, to either the school at Pasumalai for boys or the school for girls in the city of Madura. There they are prepared either for teachers, evangelists, given a business or agrisultural course in the case of boys, or prepared for college. In Madura there are four self-supporting churches under native pastors, and Pasumalai is entirely a Christian community which has grown up about the college, or school, as it is now. Under each of these local churches is grouped other village churches for which the self-supporting church with its pastor is responsible.

Then the city churches are organized into a Home Missionary Society for further evangelistic work.

Topping this pyramid is the American College, which is affiliated, as are all the mission schools in India, with the University, in this instance, that of Madras. The University gives the examinations and has a great deal of supervision of the courses offered. For those who wish it there is the theological seminary at Pasumalai, after they have finished the college work, or in some cases before. The college in Madura is a comparatively new institution in its present location, formerly the college work having been done at Pasumalai. In addition to the institutions which I have mentioned there are the hospitals for men and women, the training school for Bible women, and a host of smaller schools scattered through the city for the children. With such an effective and close organization, do you wonder that the American Mission in Madura has the field so nearly to itself? If the franchise is ever granted in India and there is a property qualification attached to the privilege, the American Board ought to play a very important part in Madura politics, for as a land owning corporation it must rank well toward the top of the list in that city.

I know you cannot feel the force of this missionary strength, for I present it to you on clean, well-printed paper rather than as I saw it coming out of the physical and moral filth which surrounds it. Madura is as nearly the city of dreadful night as one cares to visit, a city of poverty, degradation, benighted ignorance, begging priests, holy men and unholy women, overshadowed by the not lovely temple towers hideously ornamented, and yet light-

ened by the picturesque colors of the bazaar and the gatherings at the public wells along the streets. The people are only less soiled than their objects of worship, and yet how magnificently they carry themselves, straight as arrows, noble as princes. How else, pray, can a person stand and balance a water pot on his head? By the side of the road leading to Pasumalai Mr. Miller pointed out a little piece of carved stone neatly erected to mark the place where some widow had once given herself to the flames. Just beyond is a loathsome idol draped with the garment of a recent worshipper. The women who pass have the lobes of the ears enlarged and loaded with gold and silver, ornaments in their noses and between the eyes, the bare bodies of the men are smeared with sacred ashes and their faces streaked with colored chalk to mark their caste. The graceful lines of the gopurams which mark the entrances to the great Siva temple tower above the low roofed houses of the city are to be seen from any direction. Substantial rest houses for the gods adorn the streets. In them the gods stop for refreshment while on their journeys to and from the tanks or other points of pilgrimage. During the remainder of the year these rest houses offer friendly shelter for the beggars, of which the city has a very generous supply. If one would know more about these beggars turn back to an old number of the Geographical Magazine which published two articles profusely illustrated, one by Mr. Zumbro of the American College, and the other by Mr. Banninga of the Theological Seminary at Pasumalai.

The American Board Bission at Madura justly bears the reputation of being one of the best possible examples of mission equipment and acticity. Here there is no jangling of warring creedal or denominational interests. The various departments of the work are well balanced and evidently efficient.

A few hours by rail from Madura brings one to Trichinopoly, another of the sacred places of India, sacred alike to natives and to Christians, though for different reasons. Here is the famous Rock Temple, some of the inscriptions on which date back to the seventh century. A huge rock rises up out of the plain to a height of nearly three hundred feet. One may climb up to the top through passages cut in the granite, making an occasional detour through the sacred cow stables in case the god happens to be coming down for a walk, as he was the day I was there. Then one may be crowded into a corner somewhere to make way for the sacred elephant, who ambles about in search of coins for his rider. The view from the pinnacle of the temple is magnificent. Out there in the plain a few miles away lies the battle ground of the French and English where they contested for the possession of Southern India, at the time they were also fighting for the American colonies. At the foot of the rock stands the house in which Clive lived when directing the forces of England. This house is now a part of a Christian college. North from the Tank, which lies at the base of the rock, is Christ Church, the first Christian house of worship for the English erected in India. The British garrison subscribed the funds, the Nawab of Arcot presented the site, and Schwartz, the Danish missionary, supervised its erection in 1765.

With a Brahmin guide I started out early one morning and made a tour of the points of interest around Trichinopoly. It was fortunate that we started early, for at midday the sun beats down upon the city without mercy and the glare from the streets is almost blinding. As we approached a bridge I heard a strange popping, mingled with talk and laughter. Glancing down the river bank one could see the women gathered to do the day's washing, pounding the garments upon the rocks in a manner which might not be good for delicate fabrics. They were evidently making light of the work, for it was a merry party. There are many churches in Trichinopoly, both Wesleyan and Church of England orders, but the most interesting one is St. John's, where Bishop Heber was buried. His death came suddenly while on a tour of the southern provinces of his great diocese. His grave is just at the right of the Communion table, marked with a simple inscription: "Here rests the remains of Reginald Heber, D. D., Third Bishop of Calcutta." Coming out into the blinding glare and blistering heat of a July day one could appreciate something of his interest in Greenland's icy mountains.

The next day I stood in another famous old house of worship, the old mission church at Tanjore, which was erected by Schwartz in 1779. The site of this church is a beautiful one adjoining the beautiful Siva temple and facing the Sivaganga Tank. It seems quite remarkable that in that early day a site for a church could have been procured so close to the temple. The interior is very simple and yet wonderfully dignified and restful. The west wall is decorated with a beautifully carved group in white marble. Schwartz is depicted lying on a bed surrounded by three men and four boys. The group represents a scene when Raja Sarabhoji paid a visit to the dying missionary in 1797. The inscription below the tablet is touching and also stimulating to a study of missionary history:

"To the memory of the Reverend Christian Frederic Schwartz, born at Sonnenburg of Neumark, in the Kingdom of Prussia, the 26th of October, 1726, and died at Tanjore the 13th of February, 1798, in the 72nd year of his age. Devoted from his early manhood to the office of missionary in the East, the similarity of his situation to that of the first preachers of the Gospel produced in him a peculiar resemblance to the simple sanctity of the Apostolic character. His natural vivacity won the affection as his unspotted probity and purity of life alike commanded the reverence of the Christian, Mohammedan and Hindu. For sovereign princes alike, Hindu and Mohammedan, selected this humble pastor as the medium of political negotiations with the British Government and the marble that here records his virtues was raised by the liberal affection and esteem of the Raja of Yanjore, Maharaja Sirfojee."

It is well for us to remember that even before William Carey or Adoniram Judson were born Danish missionaries were laboring throughout this southeastern coast. These men were the pioneer Protestant missionaries. The society which sent them out went down on the rocks of early nineteenth century rationalism, some of their early work had to be done over, owing to their too indulgent attitude toward the caste system, yet the service rendered these men was of inestimable value. It is also interesting to know that cnturies before any Christian missionaries came to India, before the Portuguese took possession of Goa on the west coast, there existed a large group of natives who were known as the "Thomas Christians." The reputed grave of the apostle Thomas is to be seen near Madura. These people, who at one time formed what was practically a separate Indian caste, claimed to have descended from the original converts of St. Thomas. There is to this day a Syrian Christian community on the west coast, from which some young men are now in the American College at Madura. There is also on the west coast a settlement of Jews, both

black and white, whose ancestors were part of the Diaspora, the black Jews having been Jewish slaves and proselytes. The first few chapters of Richter's History of Missions in India thrill one with admiration and astonishment at the extent of Christian and Jewish influence in ancient India. Southern India is as truly sacred ground to the Christian as to the Hindu or Mohammedan.

OUR LIVES AND WORLD-WIDE ISSUES.

Sunday morning, March the 14th, the Rev. Dr. Aked gave in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco a sermon which brought before the minds of business men in a graphic way the worth of Christian missions—and the missionary enterprise as something big enough and noble enough to command the attention and support of every man of affairs. The sermon in part was published in The Evening Bulletin. He said in the course of the sermon:

"There are many capable, reasonable and influential men and women who consider the talk about Christianizing the world merely foolish. This is the best they think about it—for speaking more accurately they do not think about it at all. The thing simply does not interest them. You could not mention a subject that would seem to them more stale, flat, and unprofitable. A missionary sermon, a missionary meeting—heavens, could you think of anything which would proof a greater bore! And if you did, by a miracle of grace, succeed in making one of these persons listen to you for five minutes he would tell you that there is work enough to be done at home.

"I must say that I sympathize very heartily with such people. I have been where they are, have felt as they feel, spoken as they speak. For many years I refused to be interested. If I did not scoff, at least I gave no help. I did not go to missionary meetings. I did not preach missionary sermons. I did not subscribe to missionary funds. I was perfectly sincere when I used to say that Liverpool (I lived in Liverpool then) is quite as near as Calcutta; the dwellers by the Mersey are as much to me as those on the Congo, and I would just as soon secure a decent wage and human conditions of labor for the disinherited and dispossessed in England as I would establish a Sunday school in China. The missionaries I had known did not attract me. The officials of missionary societies with which I had to do repelled me.

"Looking back, I refuse to accept blame for the convictions and the prejudices of those years. I cannot see that I was at fault. On the evidence presented to me I formed a rational judgment. I was so absorbed in the fight for decent conditions in my own city and in my own country that I refuse to condemn myself for not going out to seek evidence which I didnot know existed—evidence which, when at last it was forced upon me, revolutionized all my thought upon the subject. But I look back upon those years with intense regret. I look back upon them with resentment. I resent being robbed of the chance to take my place among the men and women who back up with their gifts and work and prayer the men and women in the midnight lands. I am not ashamed of myself for not being in the movement. I am angry with those who managed—or mismanaged and muddled—in such a way that persons like me thought that we best conserved our selfrespect and usefulness by staying out. It has left in me a very genuine sympathy with those who think now as I thought then—the men and women to whom "missionary" is one of the feeblest and most negligible words on mortal tongue.

"Yet I do not know how to get at these men and women to put before them the evidence which satisfied and converted me, and which has filled me with enthusiasm for this great business of Christianizing the globe. The trouble with you is this—I speak to reasonable persons who are worth speaking to: Things have moved and you do not know it. The world has changed, and the missionary with it; and you think you know what you are talking about and you don't. You know nothing at all about it. You are ignorant—as ignorant as, well, as ignorant as I was, and I can say no more than that.

"And the worst of it is you think you know. You look down upon men and women ten times bigger than you are, more progressive, with wider vision, the men and women who are helping to transform and transfigure vast areas of human life. Nothing of what you think is true. And I do not blame you for not knowing the facts. Only, it is one of the puzzles of my life how to get the facts before you. They would convince you, as they have convinced me, if you could be brought face to face with them.

"It is the same thing, in a less striking degree, with religious life at home. Think of the men and women who do not come to our churches. Godless? Oh. well, not as good as they might be, not so bad as some, not so good as others, very much like you and me. They believe we stand just where our fathers stood, just where we stood when they stopped coming. They think we are preaching the old doctrines, mouthing the old commonplaces, swearing by the old shibboleths, weekly turning upside-down the preacher's traditional 'barrel,' rummaging up the manuscript of a sermon yellow with age, and droning it out again. They honestly believe all this. And how to induce them to come once or twice and find out for themselves that this is stuff and nonsense I cannot divine.

"There are prominent business men in this city, men whosenames stand for something in the Chamber of Commerce or in any gathering of the clans of material success, active workers in our church affairs. They tell me that if men like themselves knew what the churches are today, what they stand for, how they live, and what the preachers preach, the churches would be crowded to the doors. The church—this church and many another—tingles with modernity. It keeps pace with the world's most virile thinking. It is alive with intellect, with practicality, with reality. But what do these men and women know about it? Nothing. They are the laggards. The church has moved. They stand still. The think that the church is still inquiring for the old paths. As a matter of fact it is themselves who stick in the old ruts. No progress in the world of invention and discovery is so remarkable as the victories won by the progressive spirit inside the church today.

"And so it is with this great business of Christianizing the world. It has indeed, become a great business. It cannot be conducted by a few pastors meeting in a church parlor. Statesmen have taken hold of this thing. Empire builders are at the head of it. Men and women who are destined to be world-rulers are in the heart of it. And the actual emperors and rulers of nations consult with the leaders of this great enterprise, seek counsel from them, and are grateful for their help.

"The success of missionary work has meant what success always does mean—development. The work has

assumed new forms. The missionary today is a physician with a travelling clinic in his automobile; or he is at the head of a great hospital; or he is directing a college which is forming the mind, say, of "Young Turkey" or "young" something else, forming the mind of the generation which is to influence states and nations, dynasties and democracies. Without ceasing to be a Herald of the Cross, the missionary has become the ambassador of a higher civilization to a lower. He goes as the incarnation of those principles and forces and ideals which constitute the highest glory of the land we live in.

"President Taft bore ungrudging testimoney to the aid given by the missionaries to his work in the Phillipines. When the Powers of Europe set up their crazy government of Albania the first thing the new administration did was to call in Erickson, the great American missionary, and consult him about hospitals and a school system. The first thing Erickson did was to come over to this country and ask—for what? For Bibles and prayerbooks? He came and asked for doctors—for men and women doctors, especially for an oculist, a dentist, and a woman physician capable of managing a maternity hospital.

"In the province of Shansi in China fifteen years ago American missionaries, men and women, were foully murdered. Today the provincial government of Shansi asks an American missionary association to take over the entire school system. The government offers to build the schoolhouses and equip them; it will give an annual cash subsidy; it guarantees a full religious liberty with the right to introduce the Bible into the school curriculum and teach the Christian religion. At Peking the other day, when the 'literati' and other influential persons were so eager to hear Eddy, the Y. M. C. A. man, the government co-operated to the extent of erecting at the public expense pavillions for the meetings, and loaned as well two hundred tents. And Eddy's religious addresses were preceeded by —what do you suppose? Lectures by Professor Robertson on wireless telegraphy and other scientific subjects.

"You can imagine the nature of the very last appeal to reach me from a missionary organization? With the caricatures of Charles Dickens or the prejudices of other years obsessing your minds you will probably answer "flannel petticoats for the Hottentots and moral pocket handkerchiefs for the South Sea Islanders." It happens to be nothing of the kind. It is this:

"Is there a successful surgeon retiring from practice, or widow of a successful surgeon who will give us good up-to-date surgical instruments? In Asiatic Turkey, in the center of military operations against Persia and Russia, the wounded are being thrown upon our hands every week. In one place we have guaranteed to the government a thousand beds. More surgical appliances we must have.

"The simple fact is—I come back to this again and again—you do not know what is being done and we do not know how to get the knowledge to you. What, for instance, do you know of our work among the lepers? All the world has heard of Father Damien, the Roman Catholic priest who lived and died among the lepers of Molokai. He had the good fortune to be libeled by a bigot, and the greater fortune to find a champion in Robert Louis Stevenson. This gave him immortality. Yes, but seven years before Damien began his work our Congregational church was organized among the lepers of Molokai. This church has been in existence since 1866. The present building, now dilapidated and inadequate to the work, was built in the heart of the leper village fortyfive years ago. Our minister there is not a leper—he may become one. This Congregational church ministers to the larger portion of that dreadful community.

"This is the modern missionary and these are modern missionary methods. Pioneer or physician, surgeon or statesman, preacher of righteousness or president of a university, superintendent of instruction for a province or a nation, or emergency head of famine relief expedition or war hospital, his science and his skill consecrated to the service of humanity for the love of the one God and Father of us all, the modern missionary pledges the future to the Christianization of the world."

THE PLIGHT OF THE HUGUENOTS.

The Condition into Which the War Has Brought the Protestant Church Work in France.

Rev. Stuart L. Roussel, B. A., B. Sc., B. D., has landed in New York on a delegation from the Huguenots of France.

It will no doubt come as a surprise to most of us—even to those of Huguenot descent—to learn that there are today in France some thirteen hundred places of Protestant worship. The largest group of French Protestant Churches is the so-called "Union Nationale Des Eglises Reformees Evangeliques De France". That association consists of some four hundred and fifty churches and was formed at the time of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Old Protestant State Church of France in 1905 and 1906.

It has so far been the boast of the "Union Nationale" to be self-supporting. The large majority of her churches are small indeed, and too poor to be self-supporting, but their deficiencies have been made up by the few rich churches of the larger cities, of the north and north-east. The position before the war was something as follows:

Sixty richer churches were contributing to the support of three hundred and ninety smaller churches in the Cevennes, the Drome, the Ardeche, these regions of great historical interest to all Huguenots, but where economic resources are few. The troubled sea of disestablishment was thus safely traveled through, and disendowment did not result in the closing of either church or mission-hall, or of any of the missionary stations in the French colonies, or the Basuto land, which were supported by th eFrench Protestants.

Then came the war!

In this country, what we know about the Great War is the dramatic, the heroic, but we can form no adequate conception of the economic upset caused in a country where general conscription obtains, by the two words which herald there the advent of war.

These two words: "Mobilisation Generale" were on Saturday August the 1st wired from Paris to the 36,000 boroughs of France, and were cabled to all her embassies and consulates abroad.

General mobilisation! This meant in France that every man between the ages of 20 and 48 must kiss his wife and children, his sweetheart or his old parents, and be off to the front, whence so many never returned.

It meant practically the suspension of all railroad services, as means of public conveyance, for all their services were now required for the transportation of troops, of arms, of ammunition.

It meant that all postal and telegraph services were reduced to impotency, want of men and want of railroad services.

It meant that every horse in the country that was worth requisitioning could also be called into service for use in the cavalry, the artillery or for transport.

It meant that all motor busses, motor vans, and many private motor cars were also requisiitioned for the transportation of men and ammunition. It meant, also, that all money was tied up in the banks, and that whatever balance might stand to your credit at your bankers you could only draw from the same $50, and 5 per cent of the balance.

Now try and imagine New York, Philadelphia or Chicago suddenly minus all male hands between the ages of 20 and 48; minus horses, motor vans, motor busses; minus train connections and with all bank deposits tied up. Try and imagine the economic condition of the country resulting from such measures; the conditions of the churches; the conditions of your home, your office, your factor. This is today the condition of France, and with all that she had to find every day of the week some $7,000,000 for war expenses, to say nothing of the outlay required to care for the thousands of refugees driven southward from Belgium and the northeastern belt of France.

We sometimes think in this country that we have contributed enormous sums for the relief of the suffering caused by the war. We have done very well indeed. . . but suppose we have raised $20,000,000 for that noble cause—which we certainly have not—that would only work out at $100,000 a day since the beginning of the war. Now if we think we feel the pinch, what must be the condition of things in France, spending $7,000,000 a day and that with most of her industries and her trade reduced to impotency.

To make matters worse, the part of the country which has been occupied by the German troops, is the industrial part, the money making part of the country, that in which were thriving the great national industries; those of iron, of woolens, of champagne wine. And in that region were a number of the richer churches which helped their poorer sisters.

Take for instance, the church in Rheims. Before the war it had some two thousand members, many of whom were wealthy. Of those only three hundred are left in the city; the others have fled before invasion and bombardment. The central district of the city, that of the wholesale woolen trade, has been burned to the ground and all the stocks destroyed. The Protestant church, the manse, and the Y. M. C. A. hall are all a heap of ruins and the money subscribed in that church for the maintenance of sister churches will not be forthcoming this year.

A deficit of some $120,000 is thus facing today the Evangelical Reformed Church of France. After cutting all expenses, reducing considerably the salaries paid to the pastors which were at best a bare living allowance, and practically closing the theological and preparatory schools, still both ends cannot be made to meet. Should not help be forthcoming from somewhere, from 50 to 150 of these small churches, which have so bravely struggled through centuries of persecution may have to be closed?

What will become of the flocks left at so critical a time without their leaders?

What will become of the ministers, is also hard to say, in this period of economic stagnation. Many are at the front....what will become of their wives and children?

The closing of these churches would at all times be a disaster. In most of them the pastor is responsible for two or three villages, sometimes for half a dozen; often at a considerable distance from each other.

France is just emerging from a long period of materialism and religious indifference. This turning of the tide is noticeable in all directions; in philosophy, where Bergson has succeeded Auguste Comte; in literature, where Bordeaux and Bazin have taken the place of Zola; in the theatre, in society, everywhere.

France is really deeply Christian at heart, even in her professed, or rather in her official irreligion. What country could be named where the popular ideals as embodied in social institutions and legislation are so truly Christian as they are in France? Is not the motto of the Great Republic a summary of Christian ethics: "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite?" Yet, in her disgust and anger the country has thrown overboard the religion of Louis 14th, of Mazarin, of Catherine of Medicis, and did not understand that she could throw that overboard and yet remain truly Christian.

To show her that, is the task of the Huguenot Church; and to show her that she can only achieve fully her calling among the nations when she has once more turned to the living God and the living Christ. Now is the time of her largest opportunity. . . and yet curtail she must, unless help is forthcoming. In that hour of distress, the Huguenot churches have turned to America. To whom else could she turn when all European nations are either at war with each other or bearing the burden of mobilization? Their appeal is especially to the churches of this country as sister churches and to Christians of all denominations.

Their delegate Rev. Stuart L. Roussel, is desirous of securing openings in our churches for preaching or lecturing, and thus placing the case of his Church before ours. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America have warmly commended to the Churches of Christ in America the appeal of the Reformed Evangelical Churches of France and have extended to their delegate the hospitality of thir office. The American Section of the Presbyterian World Alliance also commend this appeal to the large liberality of their constituent churches.

Donations are earnestly requested. Checks should be made payable to the Rev. Stuart L. Roussel, trustee, and sent to him to room 612; 105 East 22nd St., New York. Suggestions will be entertained by him there for services in churches or drawing rooms.

An American Advisory Committee has been formed to support the appeal of the French Churches and is composed of the following well known gentlemen: Rev. J. H. Jowett, chairman, Rev. Maitland Alexander, Rev. David J. Burrell, Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, Lyman Abbott, Rev. W. H. Roberts, Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, Bishop Luther Wilson, Rev. Hugh Black, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Rev. David H. Greer, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Dr. Albert Shaw, Rev. Chas. S. Burch, Rev. Malcolm McLeod, Rev. Chas. S. Macfarland, William Phillips Hall, Rev. A. V. Wittmeyer, Rev. Paul H. Elesser.

France has for long been a generous sower, a sower on all waters, of her talent, her ideals, her enterprises, and the blood of her sons. No nation has so frqeuently fought the battle of others, and the memory of Lafayette ought to insure to the delegate of the French Churches a warm welcome in our midst and a hearty response to his appeal for aid.

WHAT THE LEGISLATURE IS DOING.

E. Guy Talbott, Chairman Legislative Committee, State Church Federation.

On March 16th the Senate Public Morals Committee held a public hearing on the County Unit Bill, S. B. 401. The bill was opposed by the liquor interests and upheld by the Anti-Saloon League. It would change the unit from the supervisorial district to the county and provides that territory now "dry" under the present Wylie Local Option Law shall remain "dry" unless a majority of the present units should vote "wet." If this bill should become law, it would make several counties entirely "dry" which now have either one or two supervisoral districts of "wet" municipalities.

On Thursday, March 25th, there will be a public hearing on the Wine Men's Liquor Code (A. B. 874. This bill has been so amended by its proponents as to be practically a new measure. It doesn't seem to have much show of getting anywhere.

The bill proposed by T. M. Wright (A. B. 22) applying the Abatement by Injunction to Blind Pigs has been favorably reported out of the committee and will likely be passed. The bill by Mr. Wright prohibiting the sale of liquor in any public school house has also been favorably reported.

There will be a strong fight against S. B. 343, providing for a One Mile Dry Zone around Universities and Normal Schools.

On March 17th there was a hearing on the Race Track bills (A. B. 720 and A. B. 1405) by the Public Committee of the Assembly. The State Church Federation, which was in session in Sacramento, registered a vigorous protest against these bills and A. B. 720 was laid on the table and A. B. 1405, by request of the author, was voted out of the committee with the unanimous recommendation that it do not pass. It will have to be fought out on the floor of the House. If this bill becomes a law, it will restore race track gambling in California under a system by which the State would virtually become the book maker.

On March 18th there was a hearing before the Assembly Public Morals Committee on the Anti-Lottery and Anti-Gambling bills. The two Anti-Lottery bills, S. B. 504, making it a felony to sell or give away lottery tickets, and A. B. 1473, making it a misdemeanor to have a lottery ticket in one's possession, were endorsed by the State Church Federation, as were also A. B. 262, prohibiting dice shaking and other forms of gambling.

The question of the Bible in the Public School is causing quite a flury. There was a hearing on this question before the Assembly Constitutional Amendment Committee Thursday March 11th. The Seventh Day Adventists were in opposition, while the representative of the Church Federation spoke in favor of Assembly Constitutional Amendment 24, which was endorsed by the State Church Federation.

When the Progressive Party came into power in California four years ago, one of the planks of their platform was for one day of rest in seven. The State Church Federation has endorsed S. B. 91, which carries out their administration progress. It is not a Sunday measure, but a straight industrial measure. This bill will likely pass. It seems probable that the recommendation of the Governor, that State Labor Exchanges be established will also be passed, though his suggestion with reference to Rural Credits is not meeting with so much favor. It seems probable that the recommendations with reference to state non-partisan elections will be carried out, though the machine politicians are strenuously objecting.

An amusing incident occurred on the third day of the second session, when Eddie Wolfe, known as the representative of the tenderloin of San Francisco, took an hour and fifteen minutes of the time of the Senate to test his own horn and tell how he was the father of all moral legislation and how heaven was not located on the shores of eternity but by the Golden Gate in a city known as San Francisco and how he represented the best citizens of San Francisco. His tirade was aimed largely at one man—Franklin Hichborn—though the whole show was merely a play to the galleries. It fell flat, and Eddie Wolfe found out that he does not bear the same relation to the present legislature that he did in the balmy days when the vice ring and the vested interests controlled. His speech sounded like the dying wail of the Old Guard.

There is a tendency on the part of the members of the Legislature to finish the business of the second session on record time. It is not expected that any drastic legislation of any type will be passed.

STATE CHURCH FEDERATION.

The second annual convention of the California State Church Federation was held in Sacramento March 16th and 17th. There were representatives present from all parts of the state from ten denominations. The convention met in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. and in addition to business matters listened to several able addresses on problems of state-wide interest. The principal addresses were made by Bishop Wm. M. Bell of Los Angeles, Dr. Matt S. Hughes of Pasadena, Dr. L. D. Rathbone, Rev. Robert Waker and Dr. H. H. Bell of San Francisco, Dr. Jas. S. McGaw and Dr. D. M. Gandier of Los Angeles, and Mr. S. J. Lubin of Sacramento. The report of the Legislative Committee was adopted and the following bills now before the Legislature were endorsed:

One Day of Rest in Seven, S. B. 91; Public Defender, S. B. 142; Child Labor, A. B. 388 and S. B. 257; State Labor Exchanges, A. B. 356 and S. B. 349; State Farms, S. B. 317; Anti-Gambling, A. B. 236; Blind Pig Abatement, A. B. 22; Dry Zone around Universities and Normal Schools, S. B. 343; County Option, S. B. 401; Anti-Lottery, S. B. 504 and A. B. 1473; Bible in the Public Schools, A. C. A. 24.

Two bills relating to horse racing—A. B. 720 and A. B. 1405—were opposed.

On Wdnesday morning the delegates to the Convention visited the Legislature, and on Wednesday afternoon a committee from the Convention appeared at the public hearing before the Assembly Public Morals Committee on the race track gambling bills, and protested against their passage. One of these bills was laid on the table and the other was unanimously recommended "do not pass" by the committee.

The Church Federation of Sacramento gave a dinner to the State Federation delegates Tuesday evening at 6:15. There were about 150 present.

The Federation adopted the report of the retiring Ex-

ecutive Committee, which recommended that the Federation employ an Executive Secretary. The matter was referred to the new Executive Committee with power to act, and it was recommended that if the Executive Committee felt that it was not wise to try to raise sufficient funds for the entire services of an Executive Secretary that the plan of the Sacramento Church Federation be adopted. This proposal from the Sacramento Federation was that the State Federation assume one-half of its budget, and that one-half of the time of its Executive Secretary, Rev. E. Guy Talbott, and of the office stenographer be given to the State Federation.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes; First Vive-President, Bishop Wm. M. Bell; Second Vice-President, Rev. H. O. Breeden; Third Vice-President, Rev. T. B. Holmes; Executive Secretary, J. E. White (until paid secretary is appointed); Recording Secretary, Rev. W. B. Gantz; Treasurer, A. W. Naylor.

The chairmen of committees are: Finance, J. W. Woollett; Legislative, E. Guy Talbott; Comity, Rev. J. A. Batchelor; Temperance, Dr. D. M. Gandier; Social Service, Rev. A. G. H. Bode; Civic Activities, J. E. White; Social Survey and Rural Committees, Rev. H. O. Breeden; Industrilal Activities, E. Guy Talbott.

TELLS WHAT CALIFORNIA HAS DONE FOR HIM.

A resident of San Diego having seen in the Springfield Republican some criticism of California has written out of his own interesting experience a word of defense which is worth repeating:

"Much of what the Los Angeles correspondent says concerning California, is true; nevertheless, there is some danger of its creating a false impression. Protests of that kind are undoubtedly needed in order to offset the exaggerations of California boosters, for it is utter folly for any person to spend his last dollar for railroad fare in the hope of securing a residence in this state. But it is a fact that families with sufficient means to obtain a start with a small amount of land, and possessing ordinary business ability and a fair degree of health, can do as well here as anywhere.

"And it is also true that the climate here is far superior to anything that can be found in the East or middle West, and that elderly people with sufficient means to keep them comfortable the rest of their days can increase their health and prolong their lives by settling in southern California. And my decided opinion, after many years' residence in this state, is that 'the cream of the climate' is right here on San Diego bay.

"I will give an outline of my own experience. I came first to California from Nebraska with my family in 1875 and spent the summer in the Santa Clara valley, near Los Gatos, and at Santa Cruz, on the Coast. I could not at that time see my way to remain here, but my taste of the climate had spoiled me for the middle West, and I was not satisfied until after two more attempts I located on San Diego bay, at National City, in 1881.

"I remained there for nearly two years and then circumstances called me to northern California, and I lived in Antioch and Oakland for 27 years, making frequent excursions to other parts of the Pacific coast, but never losing my great longing to return to San Diego, the climate of which is as much superior to that of northern and central California as the latter is to that of the eastern states.

"At length, in 1911, at 63 years of age, the way opened for me to come here with my wife and obtain a little home in what I consider an ideal location. My wife was suffering from frequent throat hemorrhages and was threatened with pneumonia every winter on San Francisco bay, and I was a nervous dyspeptic from too close application to desk work, and had only sufficient strength for short walks. My wife's throat and lung trouble entirely disappeared about eight months after coming here, and I now walk eight of ten miles nearly every afternoon and enjoy some plunges and good swims in a fine pool situated in a canyon about four or five miles from my house. I have been keeping this up all summer.

"It is now a little too cool for swimming, as our rainy season has set in, but my last plunge was on December 2, and I expect to be able to go in again before January is over, thus making a record for every month in the year. I am in my 67th year but feel as limber as a boy of 17. Have dropped 50 years since coming here, so far as feeling is concerned, for I can walk, run and climb as well as I could when a youth.

"But I attribute my increased health largely to sun baths, or as the physicians term it, solartherapy, which I commenced nearly two years ago. My cottage is in a suburb of this city, four or five miles back from the water and about 450 feet above it, and beyond us to the east stretches a vast region of wild, uninhabited land up to the foohills. This is covered with short brush and is intersected with great ravines. Consequently in my walks I seldom meet a soul, and never have done so in the three or four miles of new trails which I have broken through the brush to shorten the distance from the old trails, although this entails considerable climbing up and down the sides of the canyons which I cross. But as soon as I have entered the great solitudes I throw off the greater part of my clothing, so as to allow the sun and air free access to my skin, carrying my light clothing in a handbag.

"It is impossible to describe the physical enjoyment derived from the free, untrammeled motion of the limbs in walking and climbing, with the sun and breeze playing directly on the body. Of course, I had to gradually accustom myself to the sun exposure, but now I am a healthy tan color all over and quite impervious to the actinic rays of the sun, entirely immune to sunburns or blisters even in the warmest weather. I have been taking this sun baths almost daily for nine months in the year, and every few days during the remaining three months, for the air is seldom too cold for it when the sun shines.

"Thus I am better off than poor sick millionaires who have to take their sunbaths in little yards or glass cages in expensive sanitariums. My sanitarium is many square miles in extent, so that I can combine exercise with air and sunshine."

Frequent study has been made of the writers of famous hymns, but less heed has been given to the makers of the tunes which have often been the means of carrying the words into universal use. A tune is easier to learn by ear than words are, and thus a singer may have recourse to a book for words without heeding the score for the melody. But after all our associations with hymns are quite as apt to be with the music as with the words; and the writers of

our best hymn tunes are often eminent composers.

Among the obscurer composers of hymn tunes that have lasted long, Christian Work mentions Isaac Baker Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., who began his career as a blacksmith's apprentice. His interest in church-going brought him at last to an interest in music, and he even studied in Europe and was an associate of the better known musicians of the day. His tune called "Siloam," sung to Heber's "By cool Siloam's shady rill," is known to most churchgoers.

Silas Jones Vail, for a time a hatter in New York, composed the music for Faber's beautiful hymn, "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy" and he also set "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," by Rev. John Atkinson of New Jersey. Ithamar Conkey of Shutesbury, Mass., composed "Rathburn" in 1847. He was tenor soloist in a New York church. George N. Allen, composer of the tune "Maitland," was a Massachusetts man who went to Ohio and composed a good many sacred songs and tunes. "Maitland" is sung to Thomas Scott's "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?"

"Dedham" was composed in England by William Gardiner. "Boylston is a Boston tune by Lowell Mason. "Silver Street" is an old chorale form credited to Isaac Smith of London. "Greenville," one of the most familar and homelike of tunes in the hymn book, was composed by Jean Jacques Rousseau, not obscure save in his role of music maker, wherein his good work was outshone by his wider fame. Many of the good hymn tunes, of course, were written by men of recognized musical attainment. "Antioch," for example, to which "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come," is sung, is an adaptation from Handel's "Messiah."

LIBERAL THEOLOGY GAINS ENTRANCE INTO ONE OF THE MOST CONSERVATIVE OF PRESBYTERIAN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Conservative Presbyterians are disturbed over a little book written recently by Professor Lucius H. Miller of the chair of Biblical Instruction in Princeton University. It is, with a little enlargement, the article which was published in the Biblical World last March. Along with many other modern scholars, Professor Miller holds that belief in the Virgin Birth is not an essential article of faith; and he goes farther, and holds that it is neither historical nor credible. A writer in The Presbyterian, of Philadelphia, interprets Professor Miller as follows:

"There was no Virgin Birth; no baptismal heavenly Voice nor holy Dove; no physical miracle; no real resurrection; no atoning ('anti-ethical') cross. Jesus is only divine in possessing a supreme ethical consciousness; He differs from the rest of us not in kind, but degree. We are not lost sinners, but evolving sons of God. The words of Jesus are not important as precepts, for His aim was only to fill the soul with divine enthusiasm. There is no Holy Spirit. The gospels are not fully reliable."

The writer quoted goes on to say:

"The significant thing about Prof. Miller's book is the fact that it emanates from a high-grade institution, commonly regarded as Christian. A follower of Schmiedel and Weiss, he whittles away every shred of the supernatural from the gospels, although the gospels were composed for the express purpose of describing its supreme manifestation. If, as he claims, he speaks in the name fo the modern historical method, the modern historical method is bogus; for to explain the tremendous power of Christianity in history by such a Christ, is the impossibility recently mentioned by Billy Sunday—the attempt to run an automobile with dishwater. If this is all the Christ that Princeton university has to teach, He is not worth the paper the book is printed on."

The Presbyterian says editorially:

"Our chief interest in this book and the author's effort at wide publicity is its relation to the religious instruction given to young men at Princeton University. This institution is historically and traditionally evangelical Christian. No one questioned this up to recent times. But what do we find now? The chair of Biblical Instruction is occupied by a man who sets forth his teachings in a book which cuts away every fundamental fact of the Christian faith. We can protect our youth from this by refusing to let them take Prof. Miller's course, until it is corrected. This, of course, deprives them of privileges. Next we find the Philadelphia Society (Princeton's Y. M. C. A.) the natural meeting place of the Christian students, saturated with the same teachings. Prof. Miller and men of like beliefs are repeatedly invited to lecture there, and instill their false teachings. We can escape this by withdrawing the young men from this Association. Princeton has compulsory chapel services. So long as she held to her historical and traditional announcement, she was right, and she was supported in her compulsory chapel. It was her honest testimony to the world, and any who could not comply were fairly informed, and could go elsewhere. But to compel our youth, ranging from seventeen to twenty-four years of age,, to attend chapel, and then pump them full of Unitarianism and other unbelief, is unjust and outrageous. This fall and winter, men of like views with Prof. Miller have been invited and re-invited to address and counsel the students. A number of these men were from Union Seminary, where Prof. Miller pursued his studies, so that from the outside it looked like a deliberate propaganda."

RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS' EXHIBITS AT THE EXPOSITION.

Ten thousand square feet of space in the southwest corner of the Palace of Education at the Panama-Pacific Exposition has been reserved for an exhibit of religion organizations under the Federal Council of Churches of Christ. The exhibit is being arranged by G. B. St. John, lately connected with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, an expert on missionary exhibits. About forty organizations are exhibiting, among them the American Missionary Association, the Congregational Home Missionary Society; the Church Building Society and the Sunday School Society. There will be a lecture-room in which illustrated addresses will be given representing the work of all these organizations and missionary pictures will be provided, and something will be going on in the lecture-room any hour of the morning and afternoon. It is hoped to have the exhibit completely ready in about two weeks, and to make it a center for those interested in missionary work. Missionary literature, stationery and a telephone will be provided, and the exhibit may well be used as a convenient meeting place for Christian people.

Scandal and gossip are boomerange of the most dangerous kind.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Bernardino.—A men's club of sixty representative citizens was organized around a dinner table March 19. Dr. H. A. Jump gave a stirring address on "The Church Getting Busy." Twenty-three members were received recently.

Green Valley.—The Congregational Church building at this place was burned early Monday morning. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary. This makes the third church building to be burned in this vicinity in the last few months. Threats to this end were made when the fight was on against the saloons. Whether this is the work of some enemies thus made or of some insane man thus aroused to action cannot be told.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The Rev. A. B. Snider presented his resignation recently in order to have time to look after some farming interests in Oregon which were suffering from lack of personal attention. The church, however, was so loath to give him up that arrangements were made for a leave of absence of six or eight months. The church will be supplied under the supervision of Superintendent Rathbone, and Mr. Snider will return late in the year to take up the work again, very much to the gratification of the entire church and community.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address will be given by the Rev. E. O. Chapel of Crockett.

The Rev. Henry W. Mercer who recently joined the Bay Association by transfer from the Seattle Association is in his 76th year and began preaching when 18 years old in the slums of London. He will have been ordained to the Congregational ministry 50 years on the 18th of April. He is still able to preach and will be glad to supply a needy church or for a pastor.

At the close of the Efficiency Meeting in the North Congregational Church of Berkeley the following was adopted: "Resolved: That we of the North Church who have this night shared the fellowship and counsel of the visiting brethren of our Berkeley churches, hereby express our thanks to them and register our hearty approval of the efficiency campaign planned and carried forward by the efficiency committee of the state conference."

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF OUR CONGREGATIONAL CHINESE MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

After the pattern of our State Conferences, this organization is made up of delegates from our several missions. All of them except two were represented. The meetings were held in our Chapel at 21 Brenham Place, March 15 to 17.

My own visit to it—seeing Bro. Chin Toy in the chair and Rev. Leong Bing Yee serving as scribe, and Dr. Ham of Oakland addressing the twelve or fifteen delegates, brought vividly back to memory the meetings of our General Association of sixty years or more ago. About the same number present at the meetings, and the same courage and enterprise and quiet dignity in the proceedings, which, in both cases, meant more for the kingdom of God than human reason without faith would conceive of.

As was the case with us in the early days, the evening audiences were comparatively large, averaging about eighty, but in one respect they exceeded anything that I remember in our old-time meetings. They provided for the support (covering all expenses) of one student for four years in the Canton Theological College, and then went on to subscribe $2,700 in the silver currency in vogue in China, towards the erection of a church in Canton. It is expected that this will be carried up to a round $3,000.

Patriotic to the core, they took a recess of one day in order to unite with their countrymen in dedicating the Chinese buildings on the Exposition grounds. This ancient nation through its new Republic expended on these buildings and the exhibits shown in them and elsewhere $750,000.

W. C. P.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL EFFICIENCY CAMPAIGN.

The ministers in team No. 2, Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, Rev. Geo. H. DeKay, Rev. A. E. Bradstreet and Rev. J. E. Tedford, and composing the churches at Loomis, Auburn, and Grass Valley, have had a most successful campaign.

We visited Loomis on the third inst. and held an afternoon conference, then a fellowship dinner and afterward formal addresses. At Auburn we had no afternoon conference, but gathered for a fellowship dinner and round-the-table conference and addresses. At Grass Valley an afternoon conference was held, after which a fellowship dinner was served. In the evening addresses were given by the visiting ministers.

With the searchlight turned on, the conferences proved to be seasons of great inspiration and suggestion as we discovered our weak points, and ways and means to strengthen them. The addresses of the evenings were listened to with rapt attention, and were received with many xpressions of appreciation. The churches manifested their interest in the campaign by turning out almost en masse. Too much could not be said of the delightful fellowship manifested. No more delightful felowship on earth can be had than that of Christians when gathered together in the interests of their Lord's business. Many expressed a desire to have further gatherings looking toward the same ends, namely, more efficient service in our Lord's kingdom.

J. E. TEDFORD.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—Twenty-two persons were welcomed into fellowship at the last communion, ten on affirmation of faith.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SEATTLE CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

Our fourteenth annual meeting of the Church Extension Society held with Pilgrim reached high water mark in attendance and interest. In addition to the annual report there were addresses by Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown, Miss Mariam Woodberry of New York, and Rev. Hugh G. Ross. There were present 325 delegates and guests. Every

Congregational church and mission in the city was represented, and every one of our churches, including the four foreign speaking churches and every mission, made a financial contribution to the work of the society last year. Fourteen fields were aided. For this work not a dollar is received from the Conference, while the Seattle churches in turn give 50 per cent of all the money raised for the missionary work of the Conference outside of Seattle. Can you beat that in California? The Rev. C. R. Gale is now finishing his eleventh year with the Society.

The Home.

PREPARING CHILDREN FOR EMERGENCIES.

The little eight-year-old girl was going into the big city to visit Grandpa and Grandma. She was to take a two hours' trolley ride, and then Grandpa would meet her at the waiting room in the city and see her safely through the intricacies of the city system of transfers to her destination.

Everything was in readiness when suddenly the visiting auntie turned to the child, and said, "Alice, what would you do if Grandpa shouldn't be at the waiting-room to meet you?"

"O, but he will; he said he would."

"Yes, but something might happen that would prevent his getting there on time."

"Well, I could find my way out to Grandpa's. I've been there before, and I know all about it," with a child's reckless confidence in hazy memories and half-forgotten experiences.

"It would be a dangerous thing for you to try to go to Grandpa's alone. You mustn't think of trying it. Now listen to me very carefully, while I tell you what to do if he isn't there.

"In the first place, you are to go into the waiting-room and wait for him. He may be late in coming. Wait a half an hour—that will be until the next car comes. If Grandpa hasn't come by that time—do you know where he lives?"

"Yes, Auntie. He lives in the Englewood Flats."

"That's right. There's a telephone in the building. Go to the man at the desk and ask him to please telephone to your Grandpa—you know Grandpa's name—at the Englewood Flats, that you are at the trolley station waiting for him. Can you remember that?"

"Yes, Auntie."

"Well, tell me what it is you are to do if Grandpa isn't at the waiting-room when you reach the city."

Obediently the child repeated her instructions several times until the careful aunt was assured that they were understood and would be remembered.

Through a misunderstanding as regards the time of Alice's arrival, Grandpa was not waiting for his little girl. But she knew what to do and went quietly into the room and waited. A half-hour went by and he did not appear. But again she was prepared for the emergency, and through the assistance of the clerk word was sent to her waiting grandparents and at the end of an hour her grandfather arrived.

Mamma meantime had been telephoning in to see if her little girl had safely arrived at her destination, and when she finally received an explanation of the long delay she shuddered to think what might have happened had not Auntie wisely prepared her for a possible emergency.

Too many mothers, like this one, fail to prepare their children for the contingencies of child life, the little everyday accidents that may happen to any child.

One of the first contingencies to which the adventurous city child is liable is that of getting lost. We have all read the poem of the lost baby who, when asked for her name, could only give those pet names which are the common property of all little ones.

Almost the first lesson taught to her little by one wise mother was his name and address. Every day she would call him to her.

"What is your name?" she would ask.

"John Wobinson."

"Where do you live?"

"Fo'ty-five Bynk 'Tweet."

Daily repetition insured a retention of the important information, and in time his father's name and occupation were added to his little store of knowledge.

Another mother early impressed upon her children what to do if one of them should catch fire. She, too, knew the value of repeated catechisms. Over and over again she would ask her children, "What would you do if some one's clothing caught on fire?"

"Smother it out with a blanket."

"Wrap the rug around her."

"Roll her on the floor until the flames were put out."

"What would you do if your own clothing caught on fire? Run?"

"No, ma'am! Roll up in a rug or a blanket or roll on the floor. 'F I'd run the wind would make the fire worse n' ever."

These children were also taught to put moistened soda or flour on a burn in order to exclude the air; to clap mud on to a wasp's sting; to bathe a bruise in water as hot as could be borne. Indeed, they were taught to look upon hot water as an almost universal remedy. A sprained ankle or wrist was to be kept submerged in hot water until the soreness was removed; in case of cramping pains, a hot water bag was instantly applied.

They were taught how to distinguish a severed artery from a vein, and instructed that in the former case a tourniquet was to be placed between the cut and the heart, while in the latter case one would be required on each side of a wound. A tourniquet, they knew, was made by tying a handkerchief as tightly as possible about the injured limb and then twisting it with a stick until the pressure sufficient to entirely stop the flow of blood.

Their attention having been turned to the subject of emergencies, they were always eager to add to their store of valuable knowledge. They learned how to rescue one from the water when the ice was too thin to bear their weight; they practised on each other the art of resuscitation, in order that they might be prepared for a possible drowning. A new bit of "emergnecy knowledge" was eagerly welcomed by them, such as the information that the best way to get a fly or insect out of the ear was by holding a lighted lamp where the blaze might attract it. If this failed, warm water or oil was to be poured into the cavity.

This study not only gave them important knowledge; it resulted in added self-reliance and quickness of wit in meeting an emergency as was shown not long ago when the boy of thirteen rescued a little girl from a swiftly-approaching train. In crossing the railroad track her foot had caught in the frog of the switch, and her parents, seeing her danger, were frantically trying to pull her loose. The boy, happening along just then, took in the situation in a

glance, and, springing forward, quickly unfastened her shoe and released her just in time. But for his quickness of wit a horrible tragedy might have been enacted.

Even more unusual, but equally important, was the preparation given by one mother to her ten-year-old daughter, who was for the first time to take a long railway journey alone. Carefully the mother explained to her little girl the fact that there were men and women in the world who could not be trusted, but must rather be shunned by a little girl. To talk with them at all was to render one's self open to their allurements. The only safe thing was to speak to no one but the conductor. It was his business to look after every one in the car, and he could be trusted.

"Now," went on the thoughtful mother, "Mamma will give you a magazine to have with you on the train. I fancy one sits down in the seat with you and tries to engage you in conversation, you do not need to reply to them at all. not even to tell them that you don't care to talk to them. Simply open your magazine and begin to read. They will soon see that you are not interested in their conversation and will probably leave you alone. If they should continue to persecute-you with attentions, you can appeal to the conductor for protection, but the chances are that if you pay absolutely no attention to them they will soon go to another seat."

The journey was a long one for a child, and the little girl had occasion to use her magazine several times. To tell the child not to talk to strangers would not have been sufficient, as it would not have given her any means of defense against persistent attack. In later years the same method of defense was often used, and always with a throb of thankfulness to the mother who had first made known this simple expedient.

Here is a subject well worth the careful thought of parents. All children are liable to accidents; they are totally ignorant what to do unless carefully prepared. Such preparation calls for careful instruction and frequent repetition, but in the end it will pay for all the time and trouble many times over. Indeed, neglect of such precautionary training on the part of parents seems almost criminal.—Rose Wood Allen Chapman.

For The Children.

JIMMIE: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"And can't you enter, Ned, truly?"

"I don't see how I can possibly, Jimmie; for it costs so much to hire a wheel, and we haven't any spare cash, you know."

Jimmie drew himself closer into his big brother's arms and sat, quite silent, looking out through the small, dingy window into the cheerless street. Suddenly he sat upright, with a jerk that sent a twinge of pain through his twisted back, and began to pound Ned's shoulder vigorously in his excitement.

"Yes, you can, you can," he almost shouted; "you can take the crutch money, and it don't make no odds about me. We'll get some more; and, anyway, one of the old ones is good yet. Say you will, Ned! Say you will, please!"

Ned's face had grown a dusky red under its freckles, and his eyes were shining. Since mother died he had given up everything for Jimmie. Poor Jim, with the back that was bad o' nights! He had scarcely dared to let himself think of the public school bicycle race announced in black letters from every tree and fence as to take place next week. He had practiced whenever he could borrow a wheel, and the fellows were good-natured enough to lend theirs frequently.

Strong and light of build, he was a fine rider, and many of the others openly regretted that he could not enter for the race, while one or two were meanly glad.

To be sixteen, a boy full of life and spirits, and yet to have such deprivations to bear was hard, and tonight it had seemed doubly so. Ned wondered, as he gave Jimmie an awkward hug, if the little boy knew how many times he had put away the tempting thought of the money saved, penny by penny, to buy the new crutches. The old ones were short and broken besides, and poor little Jim had limped patiently for many months. Ned really did not know what to do, and was having a hard fight when Jim broke the silence.

"Why don't you say yes, Ned? I want you to; and then, when you get the prize, you can buy them easy and have a lot left over."

"Jimmie, you're a brick, and I just will try. My! but won't it be fun? I'll get that wheel that's for rent at Murray's, and if I don't z-i-p along! You won't be able to see me for the dust."

For days after that Ned was in a fever of excitement. When it came to be bedtime every night Jimmie settled himself comfortably at the foot of the bed, and Ned was rubbed. The weak little hands seemed tireless as they pinched and pounded at the muscles of arms and legs.

"I'm the trainer," Jim declared, "and my man's got to win."

He was the housekeeper besides, and at the end of the first day he gave Ned back the most of the money which was usually spent for food.

"We'll just have bread and milk this whole week, Ned. That's the way fellers train. I guess I know. And then you'll have more money for the wheel."

"But that makes you train, too, Jimmy, and that ain't fair."

"'Tis fair, so! Milk's good for cripples same as strong fellers like you."

The night before the race poor little Jim was restless, and Ned was up nearly all night. The rubbing and the fasting, the constant strain of excitement had made inroads on Jim's small supply of strength. As the two sat at breakfast, heavy-eyed, pale-faced, and very tired, they looked at each other half-despairingly.

"It's no use, Jim. I can't go. I feel rocky, and you aren't fit to be left."

Then Jim burst into tears. All the weariness and nervousness came out in the torrent of sobs that shook his frail body. Ned was frightened.

"Jimmie, don't cry, now don't! I'll race, and I'll win, too. Cheer up now, Jimmie! Don't be such a kid! I'll take you down myself, and you can sit in the stand and yell when I go by."

"Ye-es, I will," choked Jimmie, consoled. "I'll yell for all I'm worth."

Two hours later the ladies in the grandstand noticed a childish figure with a pale, eager face bending over the railing; and as the half-clad contestants whirled into place below, Jim leaned far out and waved his hand frantically. It was time for the start. All was silence; then a ringing note, and they were off. The yellow colors on Ned's arm flashed in the sun as he sped past; the rented wheel kept pace with the others. Around once more, and Jim's face was white. Ned was falling behind. Two, three had passed him, and the others were gaining steadily. A cheer went up for the blue, for the red. Then the little

trainer gathered himself together and in shrill treble called: "Yeller, yeller! Rah, rah! Go it, Ned!"

Ned glanced up. His face was set, and by a glance he lost ground. But his courage was renewed, and he struggled on. Jim turned in desperation to the crowd behind.

"Please, won't you yell for Ned?" he half shrieked. "Yell for my Ned, the one with yellow, yellow, yellow! Rah, rah, rah!" He pounded with his crutch, he clapped his hands, he screamed, and the crowd caught his enthusiasm. One good-natured young man started it, and little by little the whole stand appreciated the situation, and in a moment was on its feet giving deafening shouts for the "Yellow, yellow!" interspersed with "Brace up, Ned!" Go it, Ned! Rah, rah, rah!"

It came to Ned in a dream as he whirled past. He heard his name; he heard the cheer. Perhaps he was winning. He did not dare look. Once more around. He bent over the bar, and his muscles turned to steel. He passed the red with a sudden spurt, and the blue was just ahead. He is gaining; his handlebar reaches the other's saddle, passes it, and with a desperate, awkward, unscientific plunge the rented wheel has cleared the line, and Ned has tumbled off in a dead faint.

The hurrahs were sounding in the air, and the little trainer was sobbing with his head on the shoulder of the good-natured young man, who wasn't ashamed of the tears in his own eyes. It was this new friend who took both boys home, the exhausted victor and little Jim, still trembling and sobbing for joy.

But this is not quite all. Because it is a true story, I must tell you the rest. The prize money bought the crutches; and now, if you will go some day to Ned's house, the good housekeeper will let you in. Jim himself will show you Ned's fine new wheel, which the little brother polishes and oils daily; and you will be told that it came from the great factory where Ned and the good-natured young man are both at work. Jimmie is sure that the factory belongs to Ned, and the young man only smiles.—Mrs. Grace Duffield Goodwin, in "Central Christian Advocate."

I do no think we have any right to think of a heaven for others, much less of a heaven for ourselves, in the world to come, until we are wholly determined to make this world a heaven for our fellow-men, and are hoping, believing, loving, and working for that, and for its realization not in a thousand or a million years, but in a nearer and nearer future.—Stopford A. Brooke.

A TALE OF THE TRAIL.

This life's a middlin' crooked trail, and after forty year
Of knockin' around, I'm free to say th' right ain't always clear;
I've seen a lot of folks go wrong—get off the main high road
An' fetch up in a swamp somewhere, almost before they knowed;
I don't set up to be no judge of right an' wrong in men,
I've lost th' trail sometimes myself an' may get lost again.
An' when I see a chap that looks as though he'd gone astray,
I want to shove my hand in his an' help him find th' way!

TH REAT WAR

SIX SERMONS

— By —

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

What the War Must Bring
The Futility of Force
What Will End the War?
Is Christianity a Failure?
Get a New Idea
The Church and Peace

Price thirty-five cents. At Bookstores.

McCLELLAND & CO.
Columbus, Ohio

MISS BARNARD'S
Kindergarten Training School
2192 Shattuck Ave., Rooms 6, 7, 8. 9
State Accredited List
Address
GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
Hotel Shattuck, Berkeley.

Free Kindergarten Normal School
of the
Golden Gate Kindergarten Assn.
Accredited by the
State Board of Education
Miss Virginia Fitch, President
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal
Address: 560 Union St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Telephone Douglas 4143

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA
Second Semester opens Thursday, February 4th, 1915
Special opportunities are offered to mid-year High Schol graduates to enter at this time.
For further information Address,
THE SECRETARY

Pacific Theological Seminary
Located at
BERKELEY
Seat of the University of California. Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low.
Address PRESIDENT, C. S. Nash, D.D.

MILLS COLLEGE
A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Suburbs of Oakland, California
A College of high standards and excellent equipment. Entrance requirements equivalent to those of the University of California and Stanford University. Recommended students received in either University class for class. Twenty-one departments. Fine opportunities in Home Economics, Library Study, Music and Art, Modern Gymnasium and outdoor life in ideal climate. A Christian College, undenominational. Semesters open in August 15 and February 9.
For Catalogue and Information, Address,
REGISTRAR, Mills College P. O., Calif.